The Unitarian Christian

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Onward and Upward forever

EDITORIAL

Dr. George A. Gordon was for forty-three years minister of the Old South Church in Boston, admired and revered by old and young alike. His reiterated advice to young men entering the ministry was as follows: Never under-rate the intellectual capacity of your congregation. Always remember that America is a land of thinking men and women; and that your congregation will expect your best, and wish it was a little better. Unless you spend four hours each day locked in your study, uninterrupted by telephone calls and visitors, alone with your books and meditations, you will go under."

Even fifty years ago, before wars and rumors of wars had appeared to ruin the "noiseless tenor of our way," such advice was just a mite extreme. Even Dr. Gordon lived to be "hoist (in moderation) by his own petard." For there is no denying that he did, in some small measure, earn the reputation of being invisible six days in the week, and incomprehensible the seventh. Yet his advice is worthy of a lot of sober consideration.

Is America still a land of thinking men and women? Four hours of study a day for six days is twenty-four hours; do our Sunday sermons invariably suggest twenty-four hours of solid mental effort? Our rate of active living is tremendously accelerated; is our rate of thoughtful living correspondingly slowed-up, just when we most need it?

In this dilemma we can fall back on a sort of back-log of life-theories, life-standards, life-principles, life-objectives which we have unconsciously accumulated through generations of well-considered experience. This back-log may never supply the specific decision we need in the face of any crisis, but it will influnce the kind of decision we are most liable to make.

"The Unitarian Christian" is far too modest a periodical to indulge in boastful claims. We shall never set any brook on fire, and we know it as well as any one else. Yet it has its own humble ideal: to be not only a thoughtful, but a thought-provoking influence; to honor sincerity; to encourage fearless candor; and to offer its two mites in the hope that they will help to keep in a condition of intellectual vigor and moral health that back-log of life-principles, life- ideals, and life-predispositions that characterize our American manhood.

C. E. P.

MY THOUGHT OF GOD

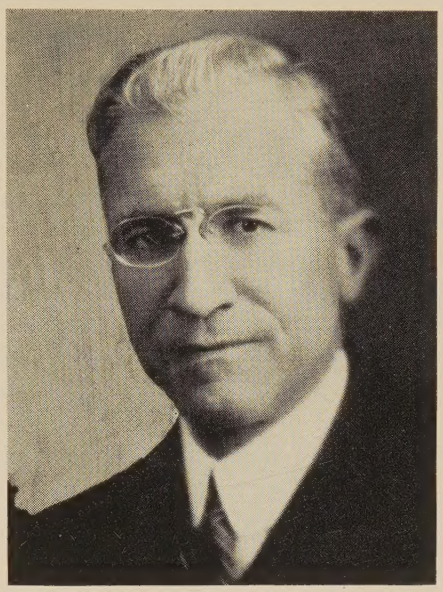
by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, D. D., Minister-Emeritus of The Comunity Church, New York City

God is an attempt to explain certain as, to interpret certain experiences, ich were otherwise a mystery. It is the nsformation of the Unknownable, as ncer put it, into the knowable or known, d thus a discovery of reality.

(1) Take, for example, this universe which we dwell. Everything moves in der. There is no chaos or confusion. re, on the one hand, is an order so sim- that it passes almost unnoticed, like y and night. On the other hand is an der so intricate that it exhausts the her ranges of mathematics. When we k at the sky and time the stars, we see order so perfect that we can match it y in the inward order of our minds. shall we put it the other way around, d say that when we look into our minds d measure our thoughts, we see an order t we can match only in the outward der of the cosmos? What I mean to say that our minds, with their exact logical cesses of reason, and the cosmos, with exact mathematical processes of motion, together parts of a universal whole, d therewith correspond to one another. en we have carried through in our nds the most elaborate mathematical ations we find them already written the heavens. Which means that we got mathematics from the heavens which re before us, and will be after!

But who wrote the heavens? Who ought out these mathematical questions the stars before the human mind was rn? Whence came this order? To what d and purpose does it move?

(2) This brings me to my second



REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, D. D.

proposition, which has to do with life — or, more particularly, the power of life to reproduce itself.

I never cease to marvel at this phenomenon as I see it in operation at my summer home in Maine. Here is a little stretch of ground that runs a hundred and fifty feet along the shore of the sea, and some hundred feet back to a little river, with marshes and woodland beyond. The land is mostly lawn, with trees and bushes that I planted years ago. One would think that this little place would be easy to take care of. But every year from June to October, and every day except Sunday, I am hard at work, trying to keep up with what's going on. Out of that sandy soil, like a bubbling spring, is proceeding life. There is no stopping it after the warm sunshine of the early summer. Every tree,

every bush, every blade of grass, is growing like a weed. And I am fighting every moment to keep the place from returning to a state of nature. One day I am mowing the lawns, the next day clipping the hedges, every day pulling weeds. And regularly each day, after every operation, I rake up the debris, and deposit it on a waste pile in a corner of the plot. All summer long that pile grows and grows, until it seems at the end of the season as though I were building some kind of mountain. And this has been going on for years! Why, when I think of these years, and the work I have done, I can conceive that I have removed literally tons of material from that little stretch of ground. And, as I look ahead, I can see that I shall be removing other tons of material still to come. For the growth goes on, and on, and on, by the mere process of nature itself. There is no end to it. Why, if I should suddenly fall sick or become lazy and indifferent, or die, and nobody took my place and did my work, then in a few years the place would become a jungle. Only a little while, and the growing things would recapture their domain, and the landscape appear as though man had never been.

How are we going to explain this expansion of energy and production which we see all about us in the animate world? Everything else, if it is to continue, must be replenished and thus renewed from without. The storage battery must be recharged. A boiler, if it is to generate steam, must be supplied at intervals with water. An automobile, if it is to move, must have its tank, every few miles, refilled with gas. But life renews itself. This cosmic energy operates continuously on its own power — inexhaustible, unquenchable, illimitable. How may it be explained?

(3) This brings us to a third mystery which has to do not so much with the quantity as with the quality of life. Have you ever been in an orchard in New England? The trees are lovely only if you love what is twisted and gnarled and tough. But in the spring there comes a miracle! All those tough old trees put forth pink blossoms, as though touched by some color from the sky. Then each blossom begins to form itself into a nubbin — green, hard, and sour. But the warm days of summer do their work, and in the autumn there come the apples which weigh down the branches to the ground. What is this apple, and how does it grow from out that tree?

The supreme miracle is the birth of a child. A man and a woman are mated in the experience of love, and there takes place a process which is purely physical in character. Little cells of living matter, so small as to be microscopic, come together to produce an embryo. Then, in due course, an infant is born — in some ways the feeblest of living creatures. But in that infant there may be latent wondrous things — the dialogue of Plato, the plays of Shakespeare, the symphonies of Beethoven. All the farthest ranges of the human intellect, all the deepest emotions of the human heart, the supreme works of genius in every field — all these may spring from that primordial cell of organic substance so strangely quickened in a mother's womb.

Is there anything short of religion to explain these mysteries? Take this matter of cosmic order. Johann Kepler, the great astronomer, was studying the orbits of the planets. The facts that he uncovered troubled him, until suddenly it occurred to him that these facts were thoughts, ideas, that corresponded to the processes of his own mind. In these vast heavens there was not merely matter and force, but an intellect at work — an intellect that had ideas that were laws, and thoughts that were designs. What was this intellect? To this question science at that time had no answer. But Kepler was a mystic as well as a scientist. So instantly his spiritual

ıtuition taught him, what pure reason can ever know, that this cosmic intellect which aced the pathways of the stars was God. apturously Kepler fell upon his knees efore his mathematical equations, and ried, "O Lord, I am thinking thy thoughts fter thee."

It is wonderful, as well as significant, ıat in this contemporary age, the experince of Kepler is being repeated. Thus, ir James Jeans, in surveying this "mysrious universe," was enormously imressed by the exact mathematical relaonships of the heavenly bodies. How they ıoved, at what speed, and in what direcons, all worked out into a perfect pattern. What am I doing," cried Sir James, but orking out problems which have been orked out before me? This firmament a field of higher mathematics — and ıathematics means mind!" "Who and what od is we may not know," said Jeans, "exept only that he is a first-class mathematiıan." "God is ever geometrizing," said lato.

The order of the world? It points to othing less than God. The great Einstein es the point when he writes, "The convicon that the world is an ordered and comrehensive entity is a religious sentiment."

As religion answers the riddle of orer, so it does the riddle of life itself. eeping wholly within the realm of reason, eligion declares that we find life mysrious only because we persist in thinking f it in material terms. But life is not comosed of matter, nor does it spring from hysical force. In the very nature of things, fe is original. It is in essence a new eleıent, which is spirit. This element is inıngible, imponderable, and invisible, and nerefore cannot be handled by science hich is confined to the tangible, ponderble, and visible. But it is none the less eal — at bottom, the only fundamental eality. For while we cannot see the spirit, e do see its consequences which are the phenomena of life. And what is this spirit but God?

There remains the divine quality of being. This marvel of reality, running all the way from the blossoming flower and the ripening apple to the brain of Plato and the heart of Christ. This is the revelation of the spirit — the disclosure of what it is all about. That's why the world is here. It exists to unfold from within itself the inner core of truth. It is the handiwork of God as he labors, like the painter at his easel, or the poet at his desk, to express the secrets of his being. All of which means that there is a purpose in this universe which far transcends anything that we have yet begun to understand! We get just a suggestion of this purpose when, as Browning puts it, we catch

".....a sunset touch
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides."

The spirit is at work. God is toiling with us. There is a Presence

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Thus do we find God — man's answer to all questions of thought and life. A completion which, without him, would be forever incomplete! His is the blessed mood

"In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened..... (and)
We see into the life of things."

INTERVIEW WITH PAUL BLANSHARD

In a recent interview with Paul Blanshard the Managing Editor secured tthe following statements by the famous author as to his views regarding some issues of vital importance to Unitarian Christians.

Question: "What is the chief role of the liberal church in these times?"

Answer: "The church should create a moral pattern for society in shaping ideals for both the individual and society."

Question: "What is your reply to the oft quoted statement 'we must choose between absolute dogma and absolute Communism'?"

Answer: "This alternative is fallacious. The individual needs the capacity for adjusting himself to a world of changing knowledge. He should become capable of recognizing the good in any social or or political movement even if it happens to contain elements of both good and evil."

Question: "What is your view regarding the multiform Protestant sects prevalent in our country today?"

Answer: "I am optimistic about Protestantism and its possibilities through combination. Today it is a revolting spectacle of waste and duplication. I believe in this optimistic view because we are realizing more and more that creeds are not straight jackets but statements of aspiration and hope."

Question: "Do you believe your books can in any way contribute to a possible 'reform' of certain Catholic practices in America by Catholics themselves?"

Answer: "The American influence is bound to initiate more of the democratic spirit in the Catholic church. Already there have been official demands made by democratic minded Catholic laymen's organizations."

PAUL BLANSHARD

Question: "What do you believe to be one of the 'musts' for Christian churches in today's social situation?"

Answer: "Christianity must have a 'meaning' for every important social situation even if our Christians do not agree on a simple answer."

(Author of "American Freedom And Catholic Power" and "Democracy, Communism and Catholic Power")

* * * *

By A LONDON SCULLERY MAID

Lord of all pots and pans and things,—
  Since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things,
  Or watching late with thee,

Or dreaming in the dawn-light,
  Or storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals,
  And washing up the plates.

Warm all the kitchen with thy love,
  And light it with thy peace;
Forgive me all my worrying,
  And make all grumbling cease.

Thou who didst love to give men food,
  In room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do,—
  I do it unto Thee.

Amen.

(Contributed)

MAN AND GOD

Excerpts from a Sermon

y Rev. Harry C. Meserve, Minister of The First Unitarian Society in San Francisco, California

Man has always been aware that he a creature involved in a vast creative rocess. Everywhere around him he sees e cycle of birth, growth and death. Nothg stays still. All things are in process of hange and development. Man feels this himself, watches it in nature, partipates in it in history, wonders at it in e depths of his own mind. There is a ower, an energy, which persists beyond ny man's individual life and permeates e whole of life. It is amazing that our rofoundest modern scientist, Albert Einein, echoes the same theme of wonder nd awe before the mysterious creativity the universe:

> "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead; his eyes are closed."

Materialism in a world like this is as t of date as man's most fantastic myths. e live in a universe infinitely creative, finitely mysterious. The attitudes which st befit us are reverence and humility. om these universal feelings man draws e of his deepest intimations of the reali of God. God is that power within the niverse and within human life which akes for creation, for growth, for delopment.

Man is aware of something within im which links him up with Spirit and ind everywhere and in all times. His inking and knowing seem part of a rger thinking and knowing, derived om them, dependent on them. Furtherore, man has the feeling not only of nowing but of being known. He is aware at however he may appear to the world

REV. HARRY C. MESERVE

there are hidden depths within him which no human being can see or describe. He has a value which is beyond men's opinion of him. His deepest worth and meaning are somewhere appreciated and seen for what they are.

This idea of man's living connection with the sources of all thought and feeling and knowledge is universal. It appears in every religion known and in infinitely various forms and expressions. But it is the same idea and the same experience in all cases. God is that spiritual whole out of which our little individual spirits came and with which they are connected.

What is the nature of this underlying Spirit which permeates the world and the thinking and feeling of men? Here again there is a wide measure of agreement. It is truth. It is justice. It is love. The religious task of man is to grow up spiritually

until he is aware that his pre-occupation with his own narrow needs and wishes, his fear, his greed, his self-love are what get in the way of his fulfillment of himself as a man. Happiness, salvation, peace of mind come to him only when he has become obedient to this underlying Spirit within his own soul. So long as he thinks and acts as if his own wishes are the center of the universe, he is miserable. The more he learns to let this deep-lying inner power have its way with him and direct his inner life, the happier he is, and the stronger he is.

The great moral and spiritual advances of man have come about not because they seemed to be easy or pleasurable but because men responded to the insistent demands of truth or justice or freedom or love which they felt within their own souls. A man achieves power and peace of mind to the degree in which he permits himself to become a channel through which the power and love of God flow out into the world.

The single affirmation in all this is: that the mind and spirit of man are not accidents, but expressions of a deeper mind and spirit from which they are derived, and with which they can have living connection. To realize this relationship, to deepen it, and grow with it is the essential activity of religion. As this process goes on silently within us, in prayer, in work, in increasing self-knowledge, in service, and in love we become able to change ourselves and even the world around us. This happens not with frantic haste and anxiety, but with the steady confidence that the world is sound, and we are sound, and our lives are rooted in sure and abiding spiritual foundations. We can take what comes, do what needs to be done, and live this life, even in its moments of sorrow and tragedy, with a certain trust and hopefulness.

RELIGION

Today religion offers to the free world something without which it cannot win and with which it cannot lose. History is one long tale of the death of states and civilizations which were disobedient to moral and spiritual sanctions. And these sanctions are not just abstract terms. They are eternal principles forever alive in God. Nothing can make hatred, cruelty, the abuse of power, the trampling on human liberty, the violation of human souls—nothing can make such things *right*. Such things are everywhere and forever *wrong*. When men and women of good will choose men of good purpose and nations obedient to the moral law make the great choice before mankind will be hopeful. For when and cleave to the *right* then the great issue for the right and the good, then it is God Himself who stands "within the shadows keeping watch above His own"—and more, waiting to lead the servants of His purpose to certain victory.

Rev. Palfrey Perkins, D.D.

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WANTED!

Unitarian Christians

interested in joining

The Unitarian Christian Fellowship

at the May Supper

6:00 P. M. - Saturday, - May 24th

Parish Hall

Arlington Street Church, Boston

HOW DO I THINK OF GOD?

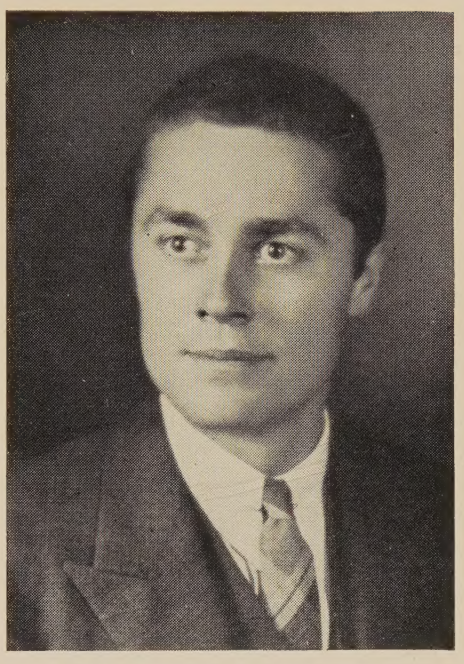
by Rev. Arthur Foote, Minister of Unity Church of St. Paul, Minnesota

Few in our age have any vivid, vital nse of God; many find it increasingly fficult to believe. They know that science gues persuasively against supernaturalm, and cannot accept the idea of a God no interferes with natural events — a pricious, miracle-working Deity. Gone, ad and buried for most of us is any ch concept of God. But the question reains: How then can I, a free-thinking, ientifically-literate person, think of him?

First of all, I would say, as *intelliince* — the mind of the universe, that nich makes it an orderly, dependable and derstandable whole, evidencing plan and sign. Einstein*, one of the most brilliant nds in history, is but one of many scitists who hold that the universe reveals intelligence as far superior to man's as, us say, man's to an insect's. The God om science reveals is an integrating ordinating principle, a personality-procing factor, utterly dependable, and parently working only through natural w.

This is a cold and abstract concept, t it provides a skeleton, as it were, which an can clothe with flesh and blood, witht violating reason or contradicting any gle fact of demonstrable knowledge.

I think of God as *invisible*, and therere impossible to visualize. He is a Spirit d spirit by very definition is that which not be received through the five senses. odern man needs to regain his ability to the unseen, to sense the reality of things visible. We should learn to accept the



REV. ARTHUR FOOTE

idea that God is that which cannot be pictured.

But this is not as bad as it seems. We cannot visualize love, but we can experience it and are being made aware of its existence daily by a variety of subtle suggestions. Precisely so, we can experience God and recognize him as revealing himself through the visible, tangible world — in the delicate crystals of the snow, the song of the thrush, the skill of the surgeon, the insight of the poet, all the way up to the clearest revelations: Socrates drinking the hemlock, Gandhi blessing his assassin as he fell, Jesus praying from the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

I think of God as *immanent*, close at

*The harmony of natural law reveals an inigence of such superiority that compared with all the systematic thinking and acting of human ngs is an utterly insignificant reflection." stein, Albert, *The World As I see It*, Friede, 4, pp. 267-268.

hand, an environing and indwelling Spirit, a contemporary Reality, present not only on candlelit altar but in the marketplace, the home, the laboratory, the halls of state. I think of him as pervading the universe as our minds pervade our bodies, and incarnating himself in man, in Everyman, but most clearly in the spiritual giants of our race, and in those rare creative moments when new insights are born, new values perceived.

Yet balancing the idea of God's immanence, we need the thought of his *infinity*. God is certainly more than we can possibly imagine. He must surpass our noblest and most daring thoughts, as the ocean surpasses the small child's understanding of it as he plays in a tidal pool. We can at best touch the hem of his garment. Martineau said it well, in his sermon "The Besetting God":

"It is the essence and beginning of religion to feel that all our belief and speech respecting God is untrue, yet infinitely truer than any non-belief and silence. But the confession of our ignorance once made", he wisely added, "we may proceed to use such poor thought and language as we find least unsuitable to so high a matter."

To attribute personality to God is untrue, yet truer than to deny it. To refer to him in human terms sharply reveals onr mental limitations, yet we may hold such poetic imagery as less false than the limiting of all verbalization about him to abstract, impersonal terms.

Being human, we must think in human terms; no full escape from anthropomorphism is possible, since we are psychologically limited to our own experience in all our thinking. No great harm is done, so long as we remember that poetic imagery is not scientific description.

After all, the important thing is the achievement of a vital, sustaining relationship with God, and this remains as possible for us as for our ancestors. It is possible without supernaturalism. For the Cosmic Intelligence that holds the spheres is also an Indwelling Spirit, and however naive our ideas and childlike our imagery, the Reality we seek is here — a present fact upon which we can build, from which we can draw strength and peace and power sufficient to enable us to stand anything that can happen to us in the universe.

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RESERVATIONS

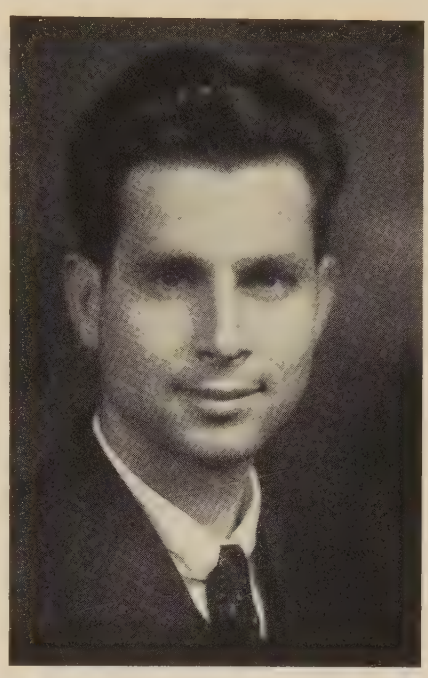
may be made now with *Reservations Desk*, 25 Beeacon St., Boston 8, Mass., for your attendance at the supper meeting of THE UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP at The Parish Hall of Arlington Street Church, Boston, on Saturday, May 24th, at 6:00 p. m. Price, $1.50. Speaker, Dr. Charles E. Park, Editor-in-Chief of The Unitarian Christian Quarterly, and Minister-Emeritus of the First Church in Boston.

A LETTER TO WALTER

by Rev. Alexander P. Winston, Ph. D., Minister of The First Parish Society, Portland, Maine

Dear Walter:

Yesterday, after our badminton game, the hasty lunch did not provide an oppportunity to answer your very pointed question. You remember that you picked up a newspaper someone had left in the booth, glanced at the various headlines (airplane crash in New Jersey, Korean talks bog down, new scandals in government) and then said to me: "Padre, tell me something. Tell me what *God* is doing about all this?" I said it was a long story. Here it is.



REV. ALEXANDER P. WINSTON

First, about God Himself. He is to me a Person. Perhaps He is much more — I presume He is — but for practical purposes He is all that is splendid in personality, only maximized to the limit of imagination. He knows all that can be known by any one mind, He enjoys with an infinite joy, loves with an infinite love and hence suffers with an infinite suffering. For if you put God *above* personality — that is, above thought, purpose, act — you make Him absolutely unknowable (as the mystics do), and if you put Him *below* personality, then He becomes inferior to us and we cannot worship Him. Who is going to bow in reverence before a Force, a Power, a Something, a Source — what has been called an "Oblong Blur" — if that Something has neither intellect nor intelligently directed will?

Now, this Person is not disembodied. He has from eternity worked at His work, which was (and is) to construct a cosmos out of a chaos. His perfection is in His activity; He has from all time yearned for a creation to companion Him, and to fulfill Him. He wanted (and wants) an object for His tremendous love which He could not eternally expend upon himself. That it was no easy task is witnessed by the time it took. Some worlds came and went without a trace, some remained dead spheres or gaseous rockets. But one, at least, revolving around its blazing orb and having a moon to sew about it a silvery band, became a green globe washed by mild waters and smiled upon by a benignant sky. This was our earth. God looked upon it and it was good.

Still it was lifeless. Brooding, God decided it was better to have life with its pain as well as its glories than no life at all. So the creatures began to move and feed. Nor was this enough. God's creative power sought a being like Himself, that could look up not down, and return His

love. So, man. You know what happened then. Man in his freedom chose all too often the selfish way, cultivating his lusts and wallowing in his pleasures. God gave man the Law: thou shalt, thou shalt not; and promised punishment and reward. Man's spirit grew; the psalmists sang, the prophets thundered; but man was still a failure. He could be more cruel than the lion, more cunning than the jackal, more blind than the mole. Man had gone as far as he could along the line of the Law.

God brooded on the ways of men. A chasm seemed to separate Him and them. God had acted as God heretofore, speaking from clouds and whirlwinds, sought on mountaintops where the air is thin. The deep chasm had to be bridged. How else than as man? Why not bridge the gap in human guise? Thus, on a chill December, under the light of a star that seemed to glow with more than heavenly brightness, it was done. In Jesus Christ, God had cast a wondrous bridge between our lowly ways and His awful majesty.

This, Walter, is what God has done. From dark chaos He drew the earth, from earth He drew life, from life He drew man, from man He drew Christ, from Christ He will one day draw the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is slow work, but God has done it for all time and will do it for all time. His holy purpose is simply to fit together, into one complex whole, so that they live together with the utmost possible harmony, the incredibly numerous elements of His creation. We all resist Him, because each of us, from the merest clod to Shakespeare, has a small, narrow selfish destiny that he graspingly pursues. We labor for ourselves and a chosen few we care about. God cares for us all and labors for us all. In that labor He rejoices, saving some small victory even out of the most desperate tragedy.

If you take the long look, Walter, you will see the divine hand at work. What He does, is not done in an hour. But it is done. But it is done.

Yours,

Alex

NEWS FLASH

The Rev. Charles E. Park, D.D., Minister Emeritus, First Church in Boston, present Editor-in-Chief of the Unitarian Christian Quarterly and author of "Creative Faith" among other widely known books on liberal faith, will be the speaker at the May Supper of the Unitarian Christian Fellowship at the Arlington Street Church on Saturday evening, May 24 at 6:30 o'clock.

Dr. Park's address will herald the renewed spiritual emphasis of the Unitarian Christian Fellowship in its contemplated program for the coming year.

Newly elected officers of the Fellowship are as follows:

Honorary President, Robert H. Loomis; President, Mrs. William Stanley Parker; 1st Vice-President, Thomas F. Peterson; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Herbert Lyman; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Paul Harmon Chapman; Recording Secretary, Miss Frances R. Porter; Treasurer, Constant Wendell; Directors for three years, 1952-1955, Miss Katherine V. Parker and Marshall I. Stone.

The Editorial Staff of the Unitarian Christian Quarterly now consists of Dr. Park as Editor-in-Chief, The Rev. Heinz Rettig, Managing Editor; The Rev. Carl A. Seaward, Circulation Manager; Editorial Board Members, Mrs. Herbert Lyman, Rev. Carl Bihldorff, Rev. Alexander Szent-Ivanyi, D.D., Rev. Henry Hallam Saunderson, D.D., and Constant Wendell.

"LORD, SHOW US THE FATHER AND IT SUFFICETH US."

John 14, 8.

BY THE EDITOR

That was all Philip wanted of his religion. Just how and why he had reduced his religious needs to so concise a form we do not know. But the words touch a responsive chord in our minds, for that is all we want. The typical Modern Man, as we may very easily see for ourselves, is quite a different creature from the typical man of one hundred years ago. Recent experience has given him a hint of his own tremendous power; and with this sense of power comes a drastic change in his entire bearing and posture toward what we once called the Problem of Life. He is no longer afraid of it; for even if life is not quite what he thinks it ought to be, he believes that he himself can make it so. He no longer looks to some kind-hearted Deux ex Machina to do for him things that he is too weak, ignorant, or lazy to do for himself. Something tells him that his own ability to accomplish results is not only far greater than he supposed it ever could be, but that he still has a long distance to travel before he comes to the absolute end of his capacity. He no longer shrinks from moral responsibility, seeking excuse for his wrong-doing in the craven doctrine of Total Depravity; he is a firm believer in the law of causation, and is ready to assume the responsibility for his own well being. He no longer looks with despair upon life in this world, a hopeless jumble of conflicting forces with which he can do nothing, and escape from which into a vague future of personal salvation is his only hope. If the world is out of joint he believes he can set it right, and is eager to try. As for personal salvation, he is willing to cross that bridge when he comes to it; and is far too self-respecting to expect more than he deserves.

But there is one open joint in his armor. Like Isaiah, he hates to "labor in vain; to spend his strength for nought, and in vain." He wants to believe that life has an end as well as a beginning; that it has a meaning as well as a history; and a destiny as well as an effort. That belief would be like a granite ledge under his feet. He can find this granite ledge if his religion will give him that single assurance which will enable him to say: I know that my Vindicator liveth. So he repeats Philip's demand as his own: Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. As for the rest of it, the labor, the weariness, the failure, the suffering, the blood, sweat and tears, never fear; he will do all that, and give all that. All that is his share, and he will face the future with a great light in his heart.

Come to

May Meetings!

May 22 - 27

in

Boston

Sunday Morning Prayer

Lord, we confess that the very custom and usage of thy presence dims our sight, and prompts us to take for granted the blessings that should awaken our adoration. The morning comes with blushes overspread, and the shadows flee away, while the morning stars sing together praising thee for thy gift of a new day. But thou hast given us so many mornings that the very profusion of thy generosity dulls our senses; the miracle of thy sunrise attracts no attention; the wonder of thine order and thy faithfulness awakens no response.

The life thou givest us is so good that we grow heedless of its goodness and complain of its faults. The world in which we live is so full of beauty that we expect the beauty and notice only the imperfections. We beg thy forgiveness. Remind us in mercy that thy providences are no less wonderful because they are so common.

Help us now to come into thy presence with spirits full of love and praise, as those who see thy goodness for the first time. Bless this day to our use that in all we say and do there may be nothing to sully its purity. Teach us to prepare for a new week of labor. Teach us how to forget, and what to forget; how to unburden our spirits of old, unhappy, by-gone things, —disappointments, humiliations, failures, self-betrayals. We have learned the lesson; now grant us to begin the new week unhandicapped by needless regrets.

Teach us the habit of meditation. To thee all hearts are open; and from thee no secrets are hid. Thou dost read each unworded thought. Make us ready for this coming week of toil by satisfying ourselves that our motives are satisfying to thee, our methods clean, our aims true in thy most holy sight.

Teach us the power of enjoying our life as we go along; to find the interest that our work offers; the friendliness of each encounter; the joy of each achievement; the gleam of each personality; the humor of each occasion.

Above all, Dear Lord, teach us the Christlike habit of momentary companionship with thyself. Be unto us as thou wert unto him, a friend at hand in each instant, to share the laughter as well as the tears, to sympathize not only in weakness and need, but in strength and success; and so to keep us always at our best, clean, honorable, true, simple-hearted, and self-respecting. In thy friendship all crooked things are made straight, all ugly things fair, and the darkest way becomes an open path. In thy companionship we cannot be solitary. Teach us that blessing, for we ask in the name of him to whom thou didst give the blessing in richest measure: Amen.

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